THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

JULY 5, 1947. © Odhams Press Ltd., England, 1947.

A POWER COMIC

No.13 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

IT HAD TO HAPPEN!

SUB-MARINER BATTLES The IRON MAN

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

AND AS IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, WE'VE GOT THE MIGHTY AVENGERS AND

The MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR STRANGE

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS

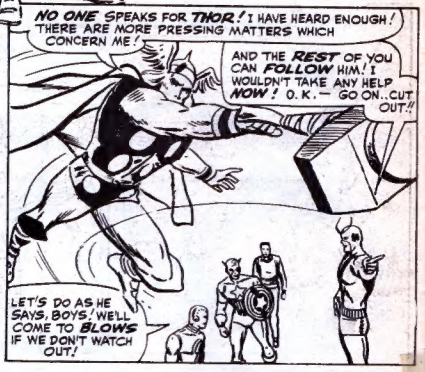
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1964

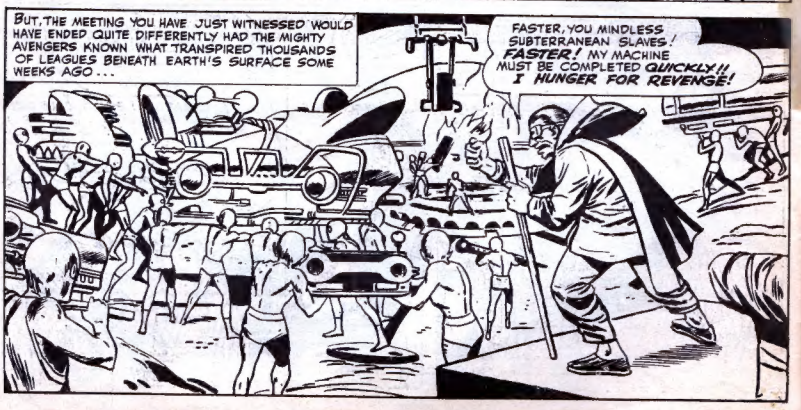
AND, MANY LEAGUES UNDER THE SURFACE, WITHIN THE FRENZIED RECESSES OF A HIDDEN ANT HILL, THE ALARM IS REPEATED
WHEEEEEE
UNTIL... THE ANTS ARE SO PANICKY I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE DETAILS, BUT THEY'RE WARNING OF A GREAT DANGER! WE'LL HAVE TO CALL AN AVENGERS EMERGENCY MEETING!
HENRY PYM! AREN'T YOU EMBARRASSED? WHAT WILL YOU SAY WHEN THEY COME CHARGING IN? THEY'RE NEEDED, TO STOP A RIOT IN SOME ANT HILL?!
I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT, HONEY! I DON'T EMBARRASS EASY!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE... LET'S GO!
SURE! MUSTN'T KEEP THE ANTS WAITING!
MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE AVENGERS' RED ALERT HAS BEEN TRANSMITTED...
WHATEVER NEW MENACE CONFRONTS US SHALL NOT FIND THOR LACKING!
I FEEL LIKE AN OVERGROWN KID, USING THESE TRANSISTOR-POWERED ROLLER WHEELS, BUT THEY SERVE AS GENERATORS TO KEEP MY BUILT-IN BATTERIES FULLY CHARGED!
LUCKY I WAS NEARBY! JUST ANOTHER FEW ROOFTOPS TO HURDLE, AND I'LL BE THERE!
FINALLY, AT THE SUMPTUOUS TOWN HOUSE OF TONY STARK, WHICH SERVES AS AVENGERS H.Q...
I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT! I RECEIVED A CYBERNETIC ALARM FROM A FRIGHTENED GROUP OF ANTS!
BOY, EVERYBODY'S A COMEDIAN! NOW TELL US THE REAL PROBLEM!
I AM TELLING YOU!
YOU HAVE THE TEMERITY TO SUMMON US BECAUSE SOME ANTS IN AN ANT-HILL ARE IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE? I KNOW NOT WHETHER TO FEEL WRATH... OR AMUSEMENT!
EASY, THOR! GIANT-MAN'S GOT A TEMPER, TOO... AND I WOULDN'T WANT TO SEE IT DIRECTED AGAINST US!

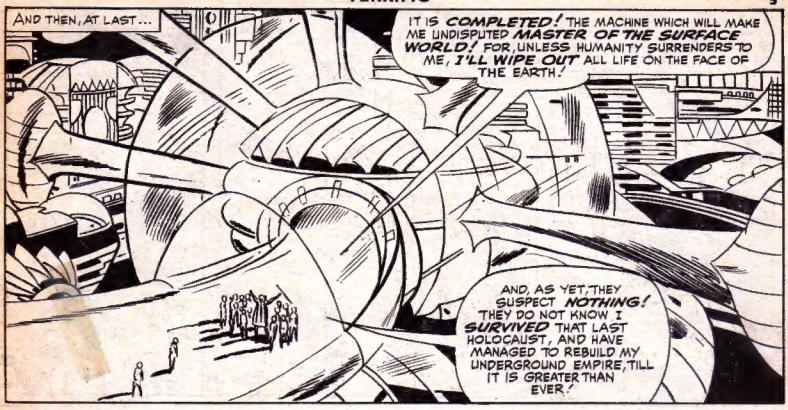
NOW, LISTEN, ALL OF YOU! THE ANTS HAVE NEVER SENT A FALSE ALARM YET! WHO KNOWS WHAT DANGERS THEY MAY HAVE UNEARTHED?? REMEMBER THE CASE OF THE F.F. AND THE MOLE MAN SOME TIME AGO?

WHAT FOLLY IS THIS? THE MOLE MAN IS NO LONGER A THREAT!
DO YOU NOT RECALL THE RECORDS OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR'S FINAL BATTLE WITH THAT INSIDIOUS CREATURE? HE, AND HIS SUBTERRANEAN EMPIRE, WERE DESTROYED AT THAT TIME!

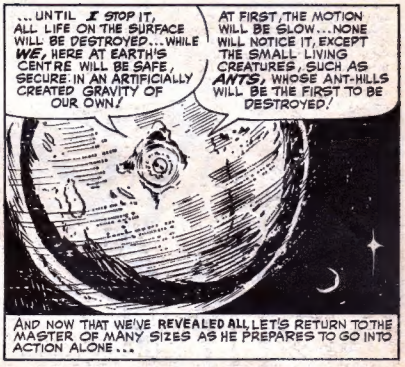
NOW LOOK, THUNDER GOD! I SENT FOR YOU JOES BECAUSE OF THE PACT WE MADE TO FIGHT AS A TEAM WHENEVER POSSIBLE! BUT, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BEG FOR YOUR HELP, FORGET IT! I WAS DOING OKAY BEFORE I TEAMED UP WITH YOU, AND I'LL DO OKAY WITHOUT YOU!
DON'T BE ANGRY, BIG FELLA! THOR MEANT NO HARM!


NO ONE SPEAKS FOR THOR! I HAVE HEARD ENOUGH! THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS WHICH CONCERN ME!
AND THE REST OF YOU CAN FOLLOW HIM! I WOULDN'T TAKE ANY HELP NOW! O.K.— GO ON..CUT OUT!!
LET'S DO AS HE SAYS, BOYS! WE'LL COME TO BLOWS IF WE DON'T WATCH OUT!


BUT, THE MEETING YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED WOULD HAVE ENDED QUITE DIFFERENTLY HAD THE MIGHTY AVENGERS KNOWN WHAT TRANSPIRED THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES BENEATH EARTH'S SURFACE SOME WEEKS AGO...
FASTER, YOU MINDLESS SUBTERRANEAN SLAVES! FASTER! MY MACHINE MUST BE COMPLETED QUICKLY!! I HUNGER FOR REVENGE!


AND THEN, AT LAST...
IT IS COMPLETED! THE MACHINE WHICH WILL MAKE ME UNDISPUTED MASTER OF THE SURFACE WORLD! FOR, UNLESS HUMANITY SURRENDERS TO ME, I'LL WIPE OUT ALL LIFE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
AND, AS YET, THEY SUSPECT NOTHING! THEY DO NOT KNOW I SURVIVED THAT LAST HOLOCAUST, AND HAVE MANAGED TO REBUILD MY UNDERGROUND EMPIRE, TILL IT IS GREATER THAN EVER!

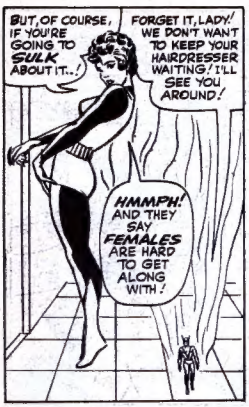
ONCE I PULL THIS SWITCH, MY NEWLY COMPLETED ATOMIC GYROSCOPE WILL INCREASE THE SPEED OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION ON ITS AXIS! FASTER AND FASTER THIS PLANET WILL SPIN, UNTIL...


...UNTIL I STOP IT, ALL LIFE ON THE SURFACE WILL BE DESTROYED... WHILE WE, HERE AT EARTH'S CENTRE WILL BE SAFE, SECURE IN AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED GRAVITY OF OUR OWN!
AT FIRST, THE MOTION WILL BE SLOW... NONE WILL NOTICE IT, EXCEPT THE SMALL LIVING CREATURES, SUCH AS ANTS, WHOSE ANT-HILLS WILL BE THE FIRST TO BE DESTROYED!
AND NOW THAT WE'VE REVEALED ALL, LET'S RETURN TO THE MASTER OF MANY SIZES AS HE PREPARES TO GO INTO ACTION ALONE...

BETTER PUT ON YOUR HEADGEAR, HONEY! WHAT WE HAVE TO DO NEXT CAN BE BEST ACCOMPLISHED IF WE SHRINK TO ANT-SIZE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE, HANDSOME? I'VE GOT OTHER PLANS!

I'M DUE AT THE HAIRDRESSER IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
I'M SURE A BIG STRONG AVENGER LIKE YOU DOESN'T NEED HELP TO VISIT SOME ANTS!

NOW JUST ONE LITTLE OLD MINUTE, YOUNG LADY! ARE YOU WALKING OUT ON ME, TOO?
OH, STOP BEING SO DRAMATIC, HENRY PYM! AND FOR HEAVENS SAKE, REMAIN ONE SIZE, WILL YOU?
YOU KNOW HOW TEMPERAMENTAL HAIR-DRESSERS ARE!


BUT, OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO SULK ABOUT IT..!
FORGET IT, LADY! WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR HAIRDRESSER WAITING! I'LL SEE YOU AROUND!
HMMPH! AND THEY SAY FEMALES ARE HARD TO GET ALONG WITH!

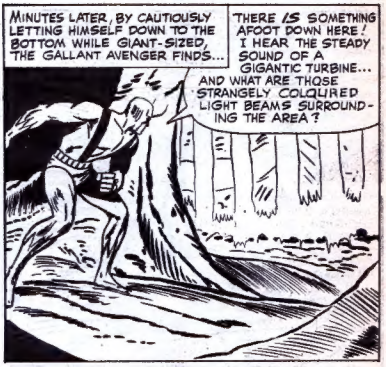
A SHORT TIME LATER, A TINY FIGURE, TOO SMALL TO BE VISIBLE TO NORMAL-SIZED HUMAN BEINGS, ENTERS A HIDDEN ANT-HILL ---
THIS IS WHERE THE CYBERNETIC ALARM ORIGINATED FROM!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE ENTIRE ANT-HILL IS SHUDDERING... SHAKING... AS THOUGH CAUGHT IN SOME POWERFUL EARTH UPHEAVAL!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY...
IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS COLLAPSING!... I'M FALLING!

I'M DROPPING DOWN INTO A VAST, ALMOST BOTTOMLESS CHASM! MUST STOP MYSELF BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! ONLY ONE WAY...!
LUCKILY, I CAN NOW CONTROL MY SIZE MENTALLY... AND THIS IS THE TIME TO DO IT!

WHEW!... JUST MADE IT! QUICKLY INCREASING MY SIZE, I BROKE MY FALL BY PRESSING AGAINST THE SIDES OF THE PIT!


MINUTES LATER, BY CAUTIOUSLY LETTING HIMSELF DOWN TO THE BOTTOM WHILE GIANT-SIZED, THE GALLANT AVENGER FINDS...
THERE IS SOMETHING AFOOT DOWN HERE! I HEAR THE STEADY SOUND OF A GIGANTIC TURBINE... AND WHAT ARE THOSE STRANGELY COLORED LIGHT BEAMS SURROUNDING THE AREA?

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! THEY'RE SOME SORT OF DEFENCE APPARATUS! I CAN'T CRASH THROUGH!

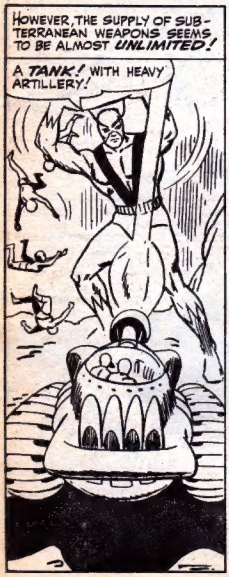
BUT, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, THE COMMOTION REACHES THE EXTRA-SHARP EARS OF...THE MOLE MAN!
AN INTRUDER AT OUR GATES!
TO ARMS, MY SLAVISH ONES! AFTER HIM!

SEIZING A STRANGE, MENACING-LOOKING DEVICE, THE NEARLY BLIND ARCH-VILLAIN, EMPLOYING HIS AMAZING, RADAR-TYPE SENSE, LEADS HIS HORDE DIRECTLY TOWARDS HIS OVERSIZED INVADER!
IT MATTERS NOT THAT MY SUBTERRANEANS ARE VIRTUALLY MINDLESS... THEY FOLLOW ME TO THE DEATH!

BUT POTENT AS HIS RADAR-SENSE IS, THE AWESOME SPEED AND POWER OF GIANT-MAN ARE A FORCE NEVER TO BE UNDER-RATED!
LOOKING FOR SOME-ONE, LITTLE FELLA??

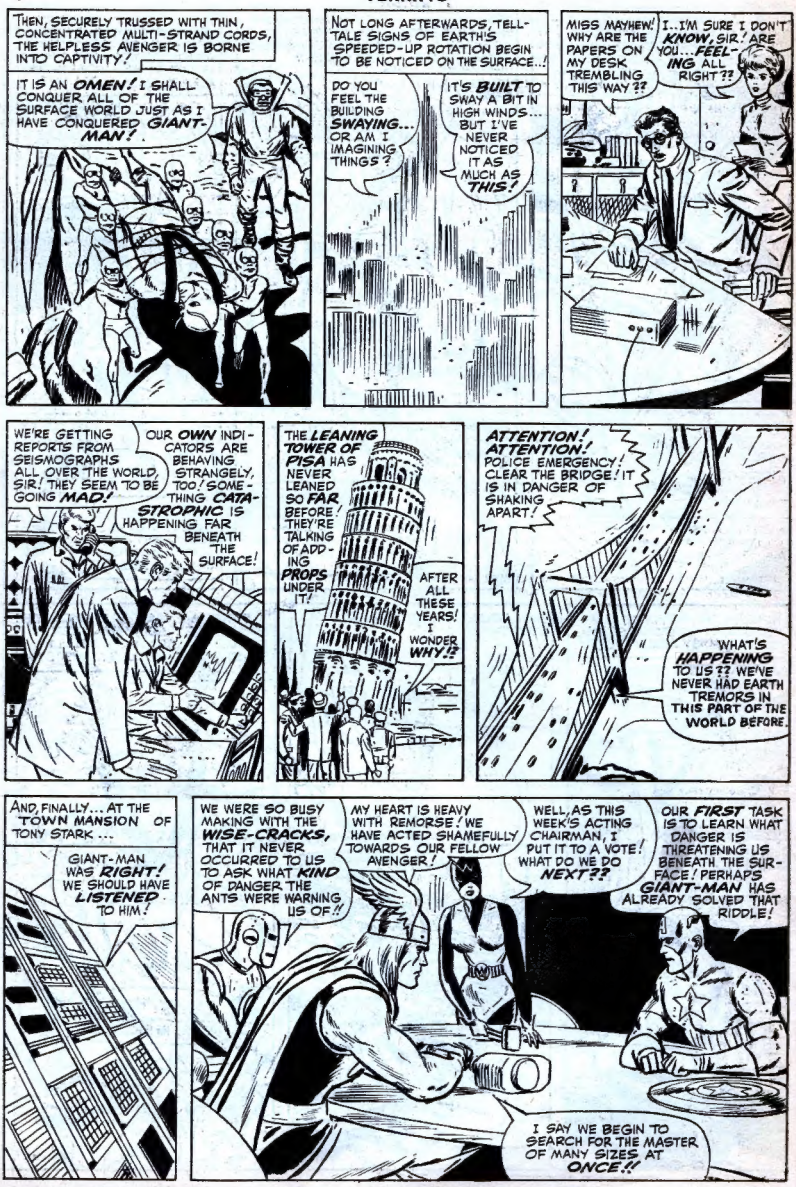
SO! THE MOLE MAN DOES STILL LIVE! WAIT TILL THE REST OF THE AVENGERS LEARN... OHHH!
I FORGOT ABOUT THOSE BLASTED SUBTERRANEANS OF YOURS!!
GOOD WORK, MY DEVOTED SLAVES! KEEP ATTACKING THE ENEMY GIANT WITH YOUR PORTABLE BATTERING DEVICES!

BUT, IT'S LIKE A GROUP OF GNATS ATTACKING A TIGER! EFFORTLESSLY, THE TITANIC ADVENTURER SEIZES A HUGE STONE SLAB, WHICH HE USES AS A SHIELD...!
GO BACK TO YOUR BURROWS, BOYS! I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE IF I CAN HELP IT!


HOWEVER, THE SUPPLY OF SUB-TERRANEAN WEAPONS SEEMS TO BE ALMOST UNLIMITED!
A TANK! WITH HEAVY ARTILLERY!

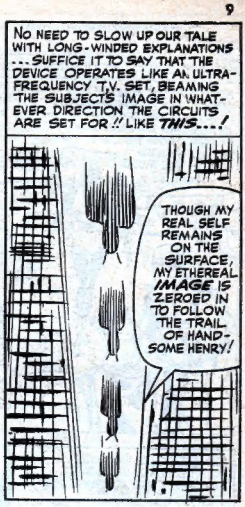
NOW LOOK, BOYS!! EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT OUT TO HURT ANYBODY, I DON'T INTEND TO BE USED FOR UNDERGROUND TARGET PRACTICE, EITHER!
WHAM!

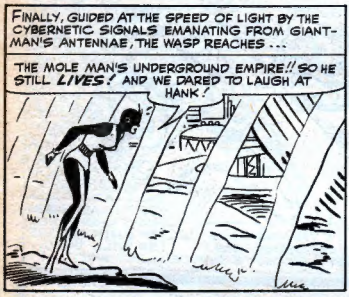
BUT, EVEN A GIANT'S EYES CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE!! SECONDS LATER, THE TWELVE-FOOT TITAN IS FELLED BY A BLAST FROM THE MOLE MAN'S STUN GUN...!
WRRUPP!
UHHH!
THERE! NOW QUICK... BIND HIM BEFORE HE RECOVERS!


THEN, SECURELY TRUSSED WITH THIN, CONCENTRATED MULTI-STRAND CORDS, THE HELPLESS AVENGER IS BORNE INTO CAPTIVITY!
IT IS AN OMEN! I SHALL CONQUER ALL OF THE SURFACE WORLD JUST AS I HAVE CONQUERED GIANT-MAN!
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, TELL-TALE SIGNS OF EARTH'S SPEEDED-UP ROTATION BEGIN TO BE NOTICED ON THE SURFACE..!
DO YOU FEEL THE BUILDING SWAYING... OR AM I IMAGINING THINGS?
IT'S BUILT TO SWAY A BIT IN HIGH WINDS... BUT I'VE NEVER NOTICED IT AS MUCH AS THIS!
MISS MAYHEW! WHY ARE THE PAPERS ON MY DESK TREMBLING THIS WAY??
I..I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, SIR! ARE YOU...FEELING ALL RIGHT??
WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM SEISMOGRAPHS ALL OVER THE WORLD, SIR! THEY SEEM TO BE GOING MAD!
OUR OWN INDICATORS ARE BEHAVING STRANGELY, TOO! SOMETHING CATASTROPHIC IS HAPPENING FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE!
THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA HAS NEVER LEANED SO FAR BEFORE! THEY'RE TALKING OF ADDING PROPS UNDER IT!
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! I WONDER WHY!?
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! POLICE EMERGENCY! CLEAR THE BRIDGE! IT IS IN DANGER OF SHAKING APART!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US?? WE'VE NEVER HAD EARTH TREMORS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD BEFORE.
AND, FINALLY... AT THE TOWN MANSION OF TONY STARK ...
GIANT-MAN WAS RIGHT! WE SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIM!
WE WERE SO BUSY MAKING WITH THE WISE-CRACKS, THAT IT NEVER OCCURRED TO US TO ASK WHAT KIND OF DANGER THE ANTS WERE WARNING US OF!!
MY HEART IS HEAVY WITH REMORSE! WE HAVE ACTED SHAMEFULLY TOWARDS OUR FELLOW AVENGER!
WELL, AS THIS WEEK'S ACTING CHAIRMAN, I PUT IT TO A VOTE! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT??
OUR FIRST TASK IS TO LEARN WHAT DANGER IS THREATENING US BENEATH THE SURFACE! PERHAPS GIANT-MAN HAS ALREADY SOLVED THAT RIDDLE!
I SAY WE BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR THE MASTER OF MANY SIZES AT ONCE!!

THERE'S NO ARGUMENT ABOUT FINDING HIGH-POCKETS! THE PROBLEM IS ... HOW?
YOU CAN'T EXACTLY TAKE A BUS TO THE CENTRE OF EARTH!
THERE IS A WAY!
REMEMBER OUR IMAGE PROJECTOR?
OF COURSE!!
IMAGE PROJECTOR?

WE USED IT IN THE PAST... AN INCREDIBLE DEVICE!.. IT WAS INVENTED BY TONY STARK! WATCH, CAP... IT WORKS LIKE THIS!
WASP, BE CAREFUL!!
DON'T WORRY.. I KNOW HOW TO USE IT!


NO NEED TO SLOW UP OUR TALE WITH LONG-WINDED EXPLANATIONS ... SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE DEVICE OPERATES LIKE AN ULTRA-FREQUENCY T.V. SET, BEAMING THE SUBJECT'S IMAGE IN WHATEVER DIRECTION THE CIRCUITS ARE SET FOR!! LIKE THIS...!
THOUGH MY REAL SELF REMAINS ON THE SURFACE, MY ETHEREAL IMAGE IS ZEROED IN TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF HANDSOME HENRY!

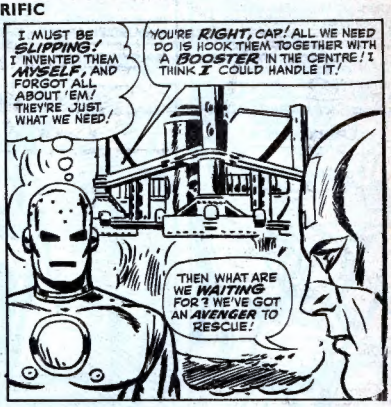

FINALLY, GUIDED AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT BY THE CYBERNETIC SIGNALS EMANATING FROM GIANT-MAN'S ANTENNAE, THE WASP REACHES ...
THE MOLE MAN'S UNDERGROUND EMPIRE!! SO HE STILL LIVES! AND WE DARED TO LAUGH AT HANK!

ALERT THE GUARDS!! THERE IS ANOTHER AT THE GATES! I SENSE THAT THIS ONE IS A FEMALE!
DO THEY THINK A GIRL CAN SUCCEED WHERE GIANT-MAN HAS FAILED??

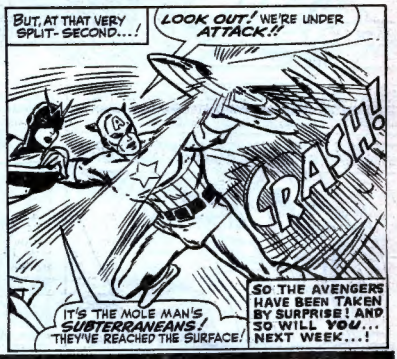
BUT, BY THE TIME THE SUBTERRANEANS REACH THE SPOT, THE PROJECTO-IMAGE HAS RETURNED TO THE SURFACE ...
I SHALL NOT WAIT FOR THE NEXT INTRUDER! NOW WE SHALL ATTACK THEM! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! GO!

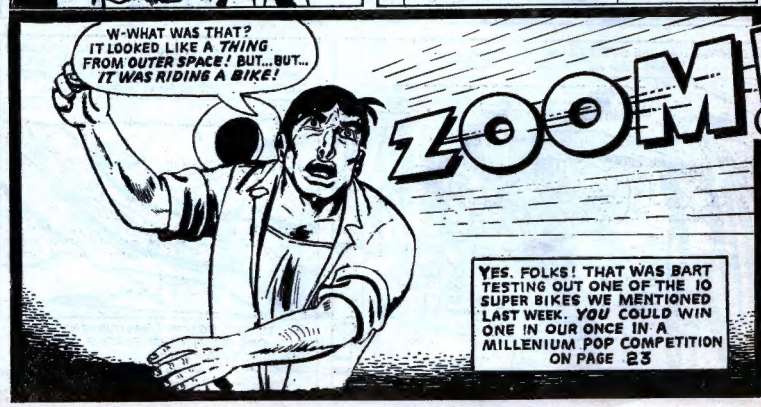
WITHIN SECONDS, A SKILLFUL SQUAD OF ARMED SUBTERRANEANS ENTERS A STRANGE, MOLE-LIKE MACHINE, AND BEGINS A SILENT, OMINOUS JOURNEY TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE ...
SO OBEDIENT, SO LOYAL ARE THESE ALMOST MINDLESS DENIZENS OF EARTH'S CORE, THAT THEY WOULD PERISH RATHER THAN QUESTION A SINGLE COMMAND OF THEIR TYRRANICAL MASTER... THE SINISTER MOLE MAN!

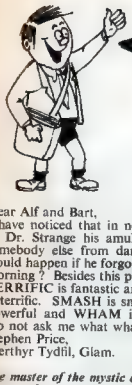
MEANWHILE, BACK AT AVENGERS' H.Q...
IRON MAN! WHAT ABOUT THE NEW TRANSISTORIZED FOX-HOLE DIGGERS THE ARMY JUST ORDERED FROM TONY STARK ??
NOW THAT WE KNOW OUR ENEMY, WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO? A PROJECTO-IMAGE HAS NO FIGHTING POWER! HOW DO OUR REAL SELVES REACH THE MOLE MAN??
SURE! EVEN I HEARD OF THEM!


I MUST BE SLIPPING! I INVENTED THEM MYSELF, AND FORGOT ALL ABOUT 'EM! THEY'RE JUST WHAT WE NEED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP! ALL WE NEED DO IS HOOK THEM TOGETHER WITH A BOOSTER IN THE CENTRE! I THINK I COULD HANDLE IT!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE'VE GOT AN AVENGER TO RESCUE!

SO BE IT! WE HAVE OUR BATTLE PLAN! WE STAND UNITED! THE AVENGERS WILL FIGHT AGAIN!!


BUT, AT THAT VERY SPLIT-SECOND...!
LOOK OUT! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!!
CRASH!
IT'S THE MOLE MAN'S SUBTERRANEANS! THEY'VE REACHED THE SURFACE!
SO THE AVENGERS HAVE BEEN TAKEN BY SURPRISE! AND SO WILL YOU... NEXT WEEK...!


W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT LOOKED LIKE A THING FROM OUTER SPACE! BUT... BUT... IT WAS RIDING A BIKE!
ZOOM!
YES, FOLKS! THAT WAS BART TESTING OUT ONE OF THE 10 SUPER BIKES WE MENTIONED LAST WEEK. YOU COULD WIN ONE IN OUR ONCE IN A MILLENIUM POP COMPETITION ON PAGE 23



TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO :- *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have noticed that in nearly every story of Dr. Strange his amulet saves him or somebody else from danger. But what would happen if he forgot to put it on one morning ? Besides this point, I think that TERRIFIC is fantastic and FANTASTIC is terrific. SMASH is smashing, POW is powerful and WHAM is whammificent. Do not ask me what whammificent is !
Stephen Price,
Merthyr Tydfil, Glam.

The master of the mystic arts always keeps his amulet on when he hits the sack, Steve, but if he ever did lose it he'd put an ad in the paper.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
It's terrific, that's the name of the comic, too (as if you hadn't guessed). It features my favourite hero : Cap. America ! I thinks as many others do, that he should have a strip of his own. The idea of putting wet war-lord Sub-Mariner in was the greatest thing since Zemo last took his hood off ! As for Dr. Strange and Don Starr—phew . . . well ! By the way I think that you should have a funny but for heaven sake leave Link alone, his story is short enough as it is.
Graham Oakes, (G.O.),
Walsall, Staffs.

Keep cool, G.O., one fine Saturday in the not too far distant future you'll find Cap. on his own in one of our mags. Nuff said.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
You fabulous things, thanks very much for publishing TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC, they are—well, there's no word quite good enough to describe them. You may be surprised to hear that I'm a girl and a great fan of yours as well. I enjoy football, rugby and cricket as much as any sport for a girl—best of all I like sitting down reading your comics. When I get TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC, which is every week, I take it to school and everyone in the class reads it (I wish they would buy their own—some of them have). I think the AVENGERS are fabulous especially THOR. Dr. Strange and the Submariner are fab, but I dig the Avengers more. You don't know how much I am desperate to get the one and only famous Spidey T-shirt—I really adore him. (Not as much as Thor.) I will carry on buying TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC, I also buy POW, SMASH and WHAM but they are not as GREAT as the two and only two comics what are worth the money and are TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC.
Liz Unsworth,
Leigh, Lancs.

Surprised you're a girl ??? What with Spidey cavorting round the ceiling and Thor belting out an* Ode to Liz *on our typewriter—we wouldn't be surprised if you were a goddess !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think TERRIFIC is fab, but there's one thing I don't understand. Cap. America's enemy Zemo has a hood glued to his face but how does he eat, drink—and even breathe come to that ?
Stephen Bird,
Sheffield 10.

This is a question that has worried us up here in the garret ever since Alf offered the Masked Monarch a gob-stopper and got the old stun-ray treatment for his pains ! Guess by now he must be a pretty hungry master of evil !
Bart.

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Dear Alf and Bart,
In TERRIFIC you have the Avengers with Giant Man. Does, or will, Ant Man ever make an appearance in your mag as he is great. That's all I've got to say apart from that your mags are GREAT, SUPERB, SMASHING.
Kenneth Knussen,
Watford, Herts.

But Ken, hardly an ish goes by without Highpockets beating down to Ant size because Giant-man is Antman—and one of these days we'll get round to giving him/them his/their own series.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to point this out : In the American mags The Wasp has dark hair, and her hair is tucked into her hood, but in your mag her hair is loose and fair. By the way I think The Avengers are terrific.
Lesley Bright,
Dunfermline, Scotland.

Who can tell how the fashion conscious female Avenger is going to appear from one mag to another, Les ? Why, only a few weeks back she was starring in the* Sub-Mariner *and in the* Avengers *at once—and she had a different hair style for each adventure !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have noticed two very bad points about your comic TERRIFIC. (1) you have no jokes which completely spoils it. (2) you have a lack of shading in your pictures. Otherwise TERRIFIC would be terrific.
P. Chipperfield,
London, E.4

Hold on there, P. Chip.—we have a fellow here chained to an easel thinking up jokes for Frantic Fun. As for the shading—we'll ask him to do that too ! Satisfied ?
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Why is it that all the letters you publish are saying good things about your comics. I have two complaints about TERRIFIC. One is that there is no colour inside and the other is that there are no comedies. Please, publish this letter so I can buy your TERRIFIC comic for a long time coming.
Haydn Nelson,
Slantrisant, Wales.

Not all the letters we publish are in praise of Power, Haydn, it's just that the frantic ones tend to lace their comments with paeans of tribute.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Betcha both don't know what the old lady's ear said to the old lady's teeth ?
—I see you were out again last night !
(I made this joke up myself, so it's original.)
Anthony Pring,
London, N.W.6.

Bet you don't know what that same old lady's nose said to her chin ?
—Pleased to meet you !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I would like to know why all the heroes like Thor are American. Why can't they be English for a change? How is Alf doing in Spain?
Gary Reid,
Slough, Bucks.

Spain . . . Spain? What's this guy talking about, frantic ones? The whole world must know that I've been back in the garret for weeks now!

As for the nationality of our super-heroes—well, Atlantis isn't in the States, is it? And Asgard was across the rainbow bridge long before Columbus sailed the ocean blue. But keep your nose near the pages of Power, Gary, and could be you'll come across Johnny Future, or Rubberman, or . . . Sh! All I can say is wait and see!
Alf.

Dear Alf and Bart,
So you guys think you're Kings of the World, eh? Well, you might be—but let me tell you something, compared to my brother you are nothing. I'll say that again, "Nothing, nothing, absolutely zero!"

My brother is 4 ft. 11 in. tall! That's not all, he is a master of the mystic arts, the same as Dr. Strange. Did I say *same!*—Sheez, there's *no* comparison! He has an enchanted nose . . . when it lights up, not only can he *be seen* for miles around but he can smell things that are *hundreds* of miles away!

Only last week—and, by the shades of my own ears let me be changed into a brand X reader if I lie, I mislaid a sock while playing ping-pong. The sock was later stolen by a master mind of evil genius! Called Cecil! My brother stood stock-still, I stood *sock-still*. His ears quivered! His eyes revolved!—so did his head! A grin spread over his face, and then . . . HIS NOSE LIT UP . . . and he began sniffing! "Sniff, sniff," he sniffed to the North, to the South, to the West and then he thrust out a finger to the East! "To the East!" he cried.

Pretty soon he sniffed his way to an obscure laundrette—*And there was my sock!* Hanging up!

And that's only my brother!
David Hall,
Stoke Newington, London.

Didn't Bart once go out with your sister?
Alf.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I am writing about people with two names. First we had Scot Summers called Slim Summers, now Jane Foster is called Jane Nelson.

I think that you're better than your comic, and that's something!
Richard Edwards,
London, E.16.

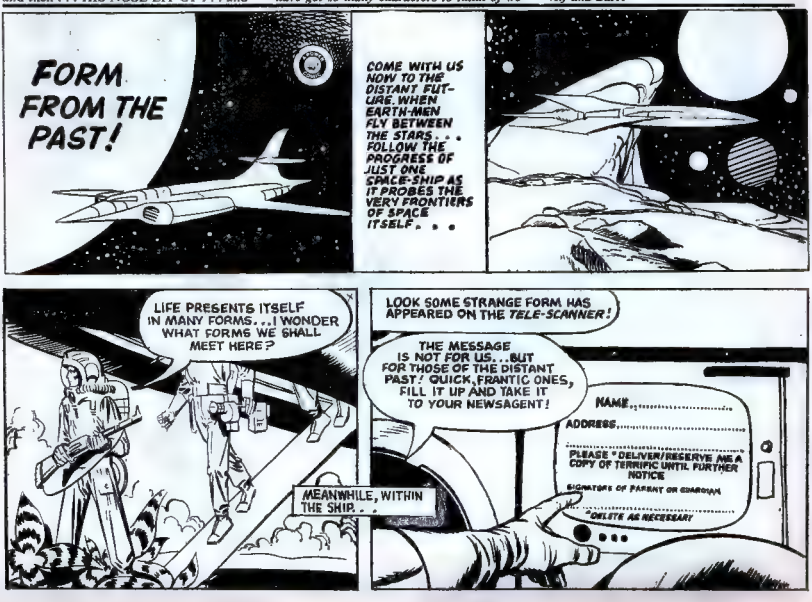
Sorry Richard, we have so many characters we sometimes have a little difficulty in remembering their names. Come to that, we have got so many characters to think of we sometimes have a little trouble in remembering our own names.
Alf and er . . . er . . . Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have just finished the first four issues of TERRIFIC and they were just terrific. But one thing I don't like is the name of the Sea god Neptune. Neptune was the name given to Poseidon, the Sea god of the Greeks. The Romans gave it to him! The Greeks were supposed to be descended from the survivors of Atlantis, who had small settlements in what is now Greece. Atlantis was supposed to have been completely destroyed by some cataclysm, thousands of years before Christ, the survivors came through the Pillars of Hercules (Strait of Gibraltar) into the middle sea (our Mediterranean) and founded these settlements which afterwards became ancient Greece. So the Sea god of the Atlanteans was not Neptune but Poseidon or some such God.
Sean McKenna,
Fullomore, Offaly.

Neptune and Poseidon are just different names for the same god—as you say yourself, Sean. We just use the one that's most familiar.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
In No. 2 of TERRIFIC Doc. Strange said that Nightmare was his ancient foe. Will you please tell me how this can be when he only received his powers in No. 1 of TERRIFIC.
Mervyn Jeffers,
Tandragee, Co. Armagh.

That's easy, Mervyn, in TERRIFIC 1 we presented the origin of Dr. Strange—then we skipped a few years until he had completely mastered the mystic arts—because that's when his adventures really started!
Alf and Bart.

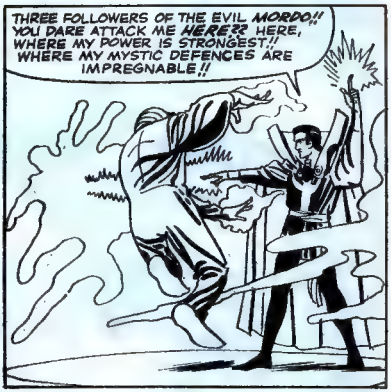


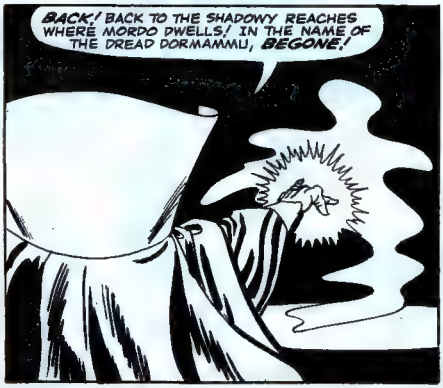
Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1963

OUR ESOTERIC EPIC OPENS IN THE SILENT RETREAT OF DR. STRANGE,! DEEP IN THOUGHT AS HE STUDIES THE LONG-LOST WRITINGS OF THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR, HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE THREE MENACING FIGURES WHO NOISELESSLY APPROACH HIM...
EACH DAY, THE SUPER-NATURAL SPELLS OF OSHTUR BECOME CLEARER TO ME! HOW FROUGHT WITH MEANING THEY ARE!

BUT, SUDDENLY, GUIDED BY SOME SUBTLE INSTINCT, THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS SUDDENLY TURNS...
I SENSE SOMETHING BEHIND ME--A SUDDEN DANGER!

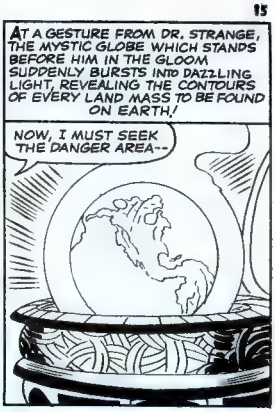

THREE FOLLOWERS OF THE EVIL MORDO!! YOU DARE ATTACK ME HERE?? HERE, WHERE MY POWER IS STRONGEST!! WHERE MY MYSTIC DEFENCES ARE IMPREGNABLE!!


BACK! BACK TO THE SHADOWY REACHES WHERE MORDO DWELLS! IN THE NAME OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU, BEGONE!

MORDO MUST HAVE KNOWN HIS THREE DISCIPLES WOULD BE POWERLESS AGAINST ME! AND YET HE DISPATCHED THEM!
THERE WAS SOME PURPOSE TO HIS ATTACK! I MUST LEARN WHAT IT WAS!

TO SOLVE THIS EERIE ENIGMA, I SHALL NEED HELP! I MUST ENTER MY CHAMBER OF SHADOWS...

...WHERE STANDS THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO!


AT A GESTURE FROM DR. STRANGE, THE MYSTIC GLOBE WHICH STANDS BEFORE HIM IN THE GLOOM SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO DAZZLING LIGHT, REVEALING THE CONTOURS OF EVERY LAND MASS TO BE FOUND ON EARTH!
NOW, I MUST SEEK THE DANGER AREA--

THERE IT IS! THE GLEAMING BLUE BEAM! BUT--IT APPEARS OVER TIBET--NEAR THE SANCTUARY OF MY MASTER--THE ANCIENT ONE!*
I MUST CONTACT HIM AT ONCE!
*THE ANCIENT ONE DWELLS HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR THE BORDER OF INDIA AND TIBET. . .ED.

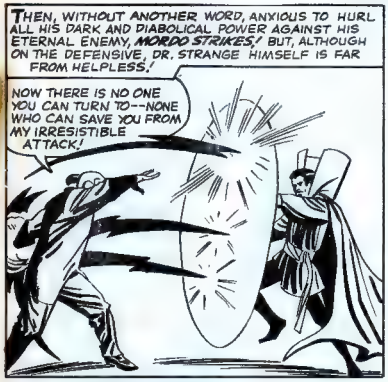
TRY AS I MAY--I RECEIVE NO MENTAL EMANATIONS FROM MY VENERABLE MENTOR! I CANNOT REACH HIM WITH MY THOUGHTS!!

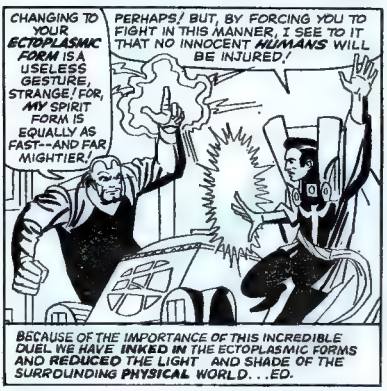
THEREFORE, LET THE POWER OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET ENTER MY BRAIN! AND, THUS ARMED, I SHALL ACHIEVE MY AIM!

NOW I MUST CONCENTRATE--CONCENTRATE--DRIVE ALL ELSE FROM MY MIND! I MUST BRING THE ANCIENT ONE'S RETREAT INTO SHARP FOCUS!!

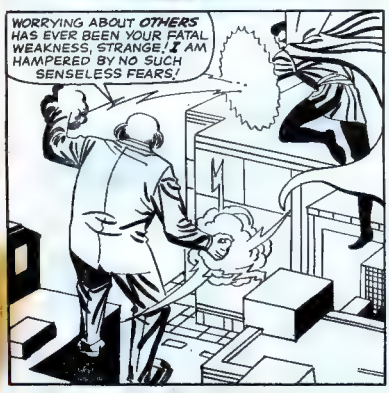
I'VE DONE IT! BUT THERE IS MORE TO DO! I MUST STILL PEER BEHIND THE CONCEALING WALLS--!

SLOWLY, THE WALLS SEEM TO MELT AWAY AS DR. STRANGE'S ENCHANTED AMULET BRINGS THE INTERIOR OF THE HIDDEN SANCTUARY INTO VIEW...
...BUT, WHEN THE MASTER OF MYSTERY FINALLY REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE, THE UNIQUE CHAIR WHICH STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE CHAMBER, HE FINDS IT--EMPTY!
THE ANCIENT ONE IS GONE!! BUT THAT CANNOT BE!! HE NEVER LEAVES HIS CHAMBER!!
NEVER--UNTIL NOW!! FOR I HAVE CHANGED THINGS, STRANGE!
MORDO!! HERE IN MY OWN SANCTUM SANCTORUM!!
YES, STRANGE--IT IS I, BARON MORDO! I, WHO FEAR YOU NO LONGER!
FOR I HAVE CAPTURED THE ANCIENT ONE! HE IS IN A PLACE WHERE HE CAN HELP YOU NO MORE! AND, WITHOUT HIS AID, YOUR POWER CAN NEVER MATCH MINE!
I CARE NOT FOR MY OWN SAFETY! BUT, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE MASTER?? SPEAK, EVIL ONE!!
NO NEED FOR WORDS--WHEN I CAN SHOW YOU THE ONE I HAVE OVERCOME! BEHOLD--MY PRISONER!
IT IS TRUE! MORDO HAS CAPTURED HIM! AND, IF HE CAN OVERCOME ME, TOO--THEN ALL MANKIND WILL BE AT HIS MERCY!!





BECAUSE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS INCREDIBLE DUEL WE HAVE INKED IN THE ECTOPLASMIC FORMS AND REDUCED THE LIGHT AND SHADE OF THE SURROUNDING PHYSICAL WORLD...ED.

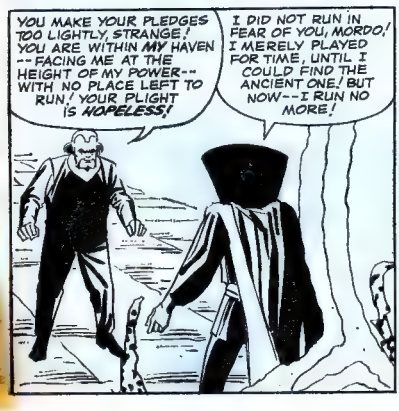


TO THOSE ADEPT IN THE MYSTIC ARTS, TIME AND SPACE ARE MEANINGLESS WHEN THEY ARE IN THEIR ECTOPLASMIC FORM! WITHIN SECONDS, DR. STRANGE CHANGES THE SCENE OF BATTLE TO THE VAST OCEAN AREA...!
HAW! WHETHER ON LAND OR SEA, YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME!
AND FLEEING TO THE CALM COUNTRYSIDE OF EUROPE IS A USELESS MANOEUVRE! I EXPECTED MORE OF YOU, STRANGE!
BUT STILL YOU RUN! WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?? ALL YOU DO IS WEARY YOURSELF! HAVE YOU PANICKED SO QUICKLY??
IS THAT BLIND FEAR WHICH I SEE IN YOUR EYES??!
HOWEVER, MORDO'S TAUNTING WORDS HAVE NO EFFECT UPON HIS RETREATING FOE--CONTINUALLY DR. STRANGE RACES FROM CONTINENT TO CONTINENT--FROM NATION TO NATION--!
FOOL! ALL THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT CANNOT PROTECT YOU FROM ME!
BUT STILL THE SILENT FUGITIVE CONTINUES HIS SEEMINGLESS MEANINGLESS FLIGHT...
MY TIME IS RUNNING OUT! I MUST FIND WHAT I SEEK BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN A HALF-HIDDEN JUNGLE IN THE VASTNESS OF THE MIGHTY HIMILAYAS, THE ENCHANTED AMULET OF DR. STRANGE BEGINS TO SILENTLY GLOW...
AT LAST--THIS IS THE PLACE!! I HAVE FOUND IT!

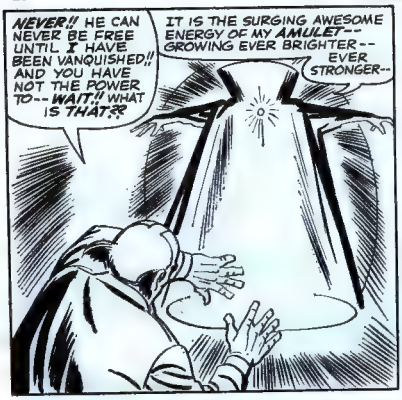
SO,! YOU WERE NOT FLEEING ME IN HAPLESS FEAR!! YOU WERE STALLING FOR TIME, UNTIL YOU COULD LOCATE THIS SPOT!! BUT, YOU SHALL FIND IT WAS ALL IN VAIN!
I MUST DESCEND! MY GOAL IS DIRECTLY BELOW!

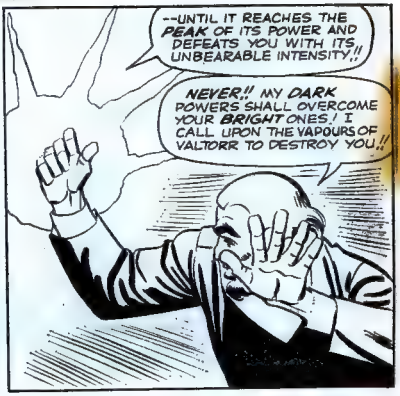
NOW, MORDO--NOW WE SHALL SEE IF YOU ARE AS POWERFUL AS YOU CLAIM,! FOR, AT LAST I HAVE FOUND YOUR HIDDEN HAVEN,! AND WITHIN IT MUST BE YOUR CAPTIVE,!

I WAS RIGHT,!! I HAVE FOUND THE ANCIENT ONE,! BUT MORDO HAS HIM IMPRISONED WITHIN THE CRIMSON CIRCLE OF CYTTORAK!!
DO NOT DESPAIR, VENERABLE MASTER! I SWEAR BY THE TWELVE MOONS OF MUNNOPER THAT MORDO SHALL NOT PREVAIL.!!


YOU MAKE YOUR PLEDGES TOO LIGHTLY, STRANGE,! YOU ARE WITHIN MY HAVEN --FACING ME AT THE HEIGHT OF MY POWER-- WITH NO PLACE LEFT TO RUN,! YOUR PLIGHT IS HOPELESS,!
I DID NOT RUN IN FEAR OF YOU, MORDO,! I MERELY PLAYED FOR TIME, UNTIL I COULD FIND THE ANCIENT ONE,! BUT NOW--I RUN NO MORE!

NOW, BY ALL THE POWERS OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI, I SHALL HURL YOUR TAUNTS BACK INTO YOUR TEETH--I SHALL FREE THE ONE YOU DARED TO MAKE YOUR PRISONER.!!


NEVER!! HE CAN NEVER BE FREE UNTIL I HAVE BEEN VANQUISHED!! AND YOU HAVE NOT THE POWER TO--WAIT!! WHAT IS THAT?!
IT IS THE SURGING AWESOME ENERGY OF MY AMULET--GROWING EVER BRIGHTER--EVER STRONGER--


--UNTIL IT REACHES THE PEAK OF ITS POWER AND DEFEATS YOU WITH ITS UNBEARABLE INTENSITY!!
NEVER!! MY DARK POWERS SHALL OVERCOME YOUR BRIGHT ONES! I CALL UPON THE VAPOURS OF VALTORR TO DESTROY YOU!!

LET THE HOARY HAND OF HOGGOTH GUIDE MY ATTACK AS I DIRECT ALL MY DESTRUCTIVE FORCE AGAINST YOUR ACCURSED AMULET!

HAH! SEE HOW YOUR PROTECTIVE SHIELD OF LIGHT BEGINS TO CRACK! SOON IT SHALL BE AS USELESS AS YOUR OTHER PUNY DEFENCES!!
YOUR POWER IS EVIL, MORDO--WHILE MINE IS THE POWER OF RIGHT! LET US SEE WHICH IS THE STRONGEST!

SEE THEN!! SEE HOW YOUR SHIELD CONTINUES TO SHATTER!! YOUR SECONDS ARE NUMBERED--MY VICTORY IS ALMOST WITHIN MY GRASP!

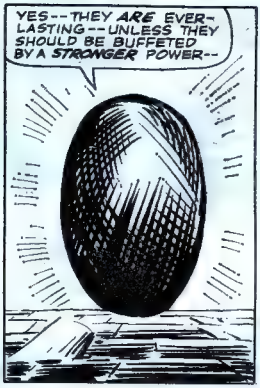
NOT SO, MORDO! FOR YOU HAVE MADE ONE IRREVOCABLE ERROR! YOU DARED CALL UPON THE HOARY HAND OF HOGGOTH TO HELP YOU--

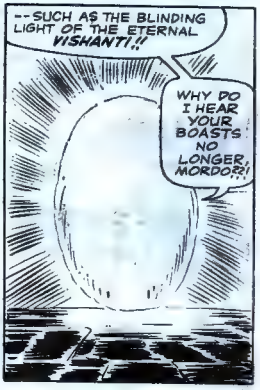
BUT, HOGGOTH, IN HIS INFINITE WISDOM, AIDS NOT THE WICKED!! SEE HOW MY SHIELD BEGINS TO MEND ITSELF!! SEE HOW YOUR BEAMS OF FORCE BEGIN TO FADE INTO NOTHINGNESS!

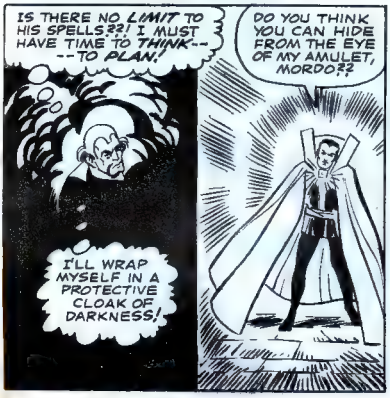
DO YOU SUPPOSE I HAVE ONLY ONE FORM OF ATTACK?? SEE HOW I CAN BLOT OUT THE VERY LIGHT OF YOUR SHIELD WITH MY DARK VAPOURS OF VALTORR!!

THERE!! NOW, THOUGH YOU REMAIN SAFE WITHIN YOUR SHIELD, YOU ARE ALSO HELPLESS!! YOU ARE NOW MY PRISONER FOR AS LONG AS THE VAPOURS ENDURE!!

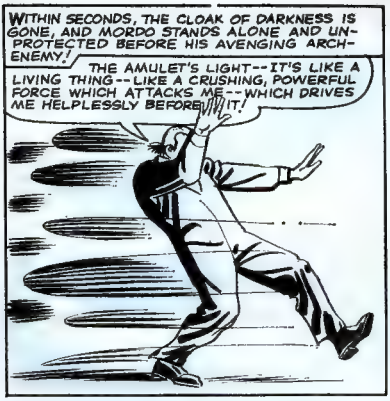
AND, AS YOU KNOW FULL WELL-- MY POWERS ARE EVER-LASTING!! THEY WILL NEVER FADE!

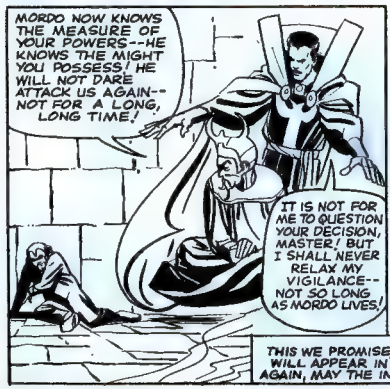

YES--THEY ARE EVER-LASTING--UNLESS THEY SHOULD BE BUFFETED BY A STRONGER POWER--

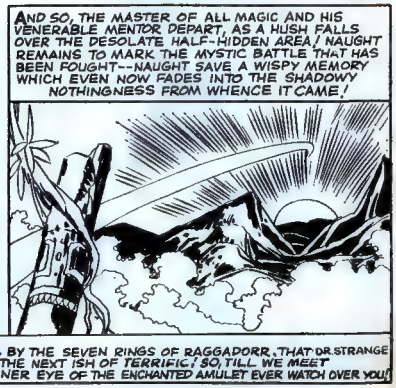

--SUCH AS THE BLINDING LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI!!
WHY DO I HEAR YOUR BOASTS NO LONGER, MORDO??!


IS THERE NO LIMIT TO HIS SPELLS??! I MUST HAVE TIME TO THINK--
--TO PLAN!
I'LL WRAP MYSELF IN A PROTECTIVE CLOAK OF DARKNESS!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HIDE FROM THE EYE OF MY AMULET, MORDO??

SEE HOW THE LIGHT OF RIGHTOUSNESS CAN EVER DISSIPATE THE DARK CLOUD OF EVIL!! FOR YOU THERE IS NO HIDING PLACE, MORDO!







THIS WE PROMISE, BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR, THAT DR. STRANGE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISH OF TERRIFIC! SO, TILL WE MEET AGAIN, MAY THE INNER EYE OF THE ENCHANTED AMULET EVER WATCH OVER YOU!

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and light-weight Endrick rims.

This fabulous competition appears this week in all five of the Power Comics—FANTASTIC—TERRIFIC—SMASH—WHAM—POW . . . and it will be repeated every week in all five comics for the next eight weeks. Thus, each week you can compete on an entry coupon from any or all of the "POWER-packed" five.

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now . . . and as often as you can—POW! WHAM! SMASH! *you* **can win one of our ten super bikes—FREE!**

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

8.7.67

Cut around dotted line

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

HAS IT EVER STRUCK YOU that, in a manner of speaking, our team of super-heroes is like a real *family* ? Each goes his separate way—but at some time or other *they're bound to meet up* ! For example, in TERRIFIC, *The Avengers* meet that POW-based old web-head *Spiderman*. Doctor Strange, star of perhaps the way-outest of all comic tales, runs slap-bang into *Loki*, who as you know is not a very nice guy, but *is* the brother of Mighty THOR ! Even millionaire industrialist Anthony Star, (that's right . . . IRON MAN) pitches in and helps Nick Fury of Shield when the going gets 'specially rough !

See what we mean ? Just like one big happy family. And up here in the garret, we like to think the same thing, the same relationship exists between *you and us* ! A big, close nationwide family with one important thing in common . . . our taste in lively literature ! *That's* why we like to call ourselves *The Brotherhood of Power* !

BIG NEWS for snappy dressers—especially those who are THOR fans (and who isn't ?) We've given you HULK T-shirts ! We've given you Spiderman and dear old clobbering Ben Grimm T-shirts. Now we're offering you T-shirts complete with stupendous, full-colour portraits of THE GREAT THUNDER GOD himself ! How do you get these "geary" garments that ANY Power-fan would be PROUD to wear ? Just by writing into us with a letter interesting enough for us to print in FANTASTIC. Tell us what you like . . . or even, ha, ha, what you DISLIKE . . . about FANTASTIC ! If we can publish it you've got yourself a Mighty Thor T-shirt! Simple as that !

Not content with our fabulous Thor T-shirt offer ! Not even content with providing you with the very best weekly comic reading matter . . . here's something else to prove to you what a GENEROUS gang we are.

We've dreamed up a great idea for a BIG PRIZE competition ! Just for you ! *Exclusive* for Power-fans ! Last week you saw a Frantic One seated astride one of the incredible Mustang bikes that must be won . . . but why waste space telling you about it here when all the information you need is on page 23.

Nuff said.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Denise Kiss, Barling, Essex ; Martyn Smith, Parkstone, Dorset ; Stephen Davey, Burnham-on-Sea ; David Jones, Wallasey, Cheshire ; Alan Neve, Hebburn-on-Tyne, Co. Durham ; Sandra Smith, Hullbridge, Essex ; Nicholas Dean, Loughborough, Leics ; Stanley Edwards, Southall, Middx ; Christopher Jones, Grangetown, Cardiff ; Ewan Ritchie, Harlow, Essex ; Keith White, Orpington, Kent ; Stephen Thomas, Falmouth, Cornwall ; Anthony Silman, Doncaster, Yorks ; Clifford Ponting, Swindon, Wilts ; Jane Cogswell, Glastonbury, Somerset ; Anthony Wood, Tamworth, Staffs ; Thomas Gould, Liverpool, Lancs ; Alan Casey, Neasden, London, N.W.2 ; David Pratt, Tunbridge Wells, Kent ; John Tyson, Deeside, Flints.

ODD SPORTS

PEANUT PUSHING

What was claimed to be the world's peanut-pushing championship was recently decided in a small town in South Africa.

Each peanut had a jockey—a boy who pushed it along the ground with his nose !

About 30 peanuts were lined up across a piece of rough ground, and about 20 paces in the rear stood the jockeys.

At the word, "Go," the jockeys ran forward and lay down behind their peanuts. They then began to push them along the ground with their noses.

The rough course had a number of ridges, tree stumps, boulders and other obstacles. The jockeys had to push their peanuts over or around any obstacle in their path.

Touching a peanut with the hands meant instant disqualification.

The winning peanut jockey received a prize worth about two pounds. He and all the other starters also received free ointment for scratched noses !

A Half-Gallon Swig

Milwarkee, the great brewery city of the U.S.A. has just decided the beer-drinking championship of America.

About twenty competitors took part and a light ale with a very low alchoholic content was specially brewed for the occasion. The rules of the championship contest laid down that the winner was to be judged by the amount of ale he could drink in the shortest possible time.

After several eliminating heats, three competitors were left in the running, or rather drinking. The final had to decide who could drink half a gallon of ale in the shortest time.

The winner was 20 stone George Floyde, who downed his half-gallon in 32 seconds !

Crab Derby

Every summer thousands of spectators gather at the seaside town of Crisfield, Maryland, to cheer on their favourites in the annual crab Derby.

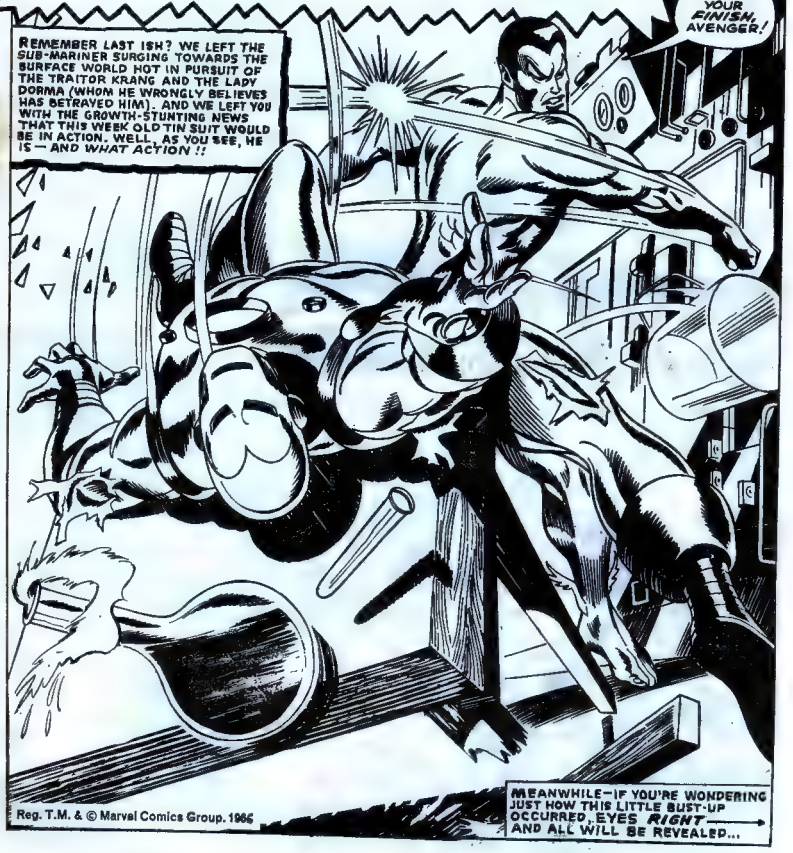
The course is a sloping ramp of plywood about 100 feet wide and 600 feet long. The starting gate is a trough flush with the top of the ramp with wire netting on a wooden frame hinged to it like a lid.

Contestants are the blue crabs common on the Maryland coast, and about 100 of them are entered each year by local crab fishermen. Each crab has its racing colours and a number painted on its shell.

When the off is signalled, the starter raises the netting and the runners scuttle out of the trough and claw and slither their way down the course. The owner of the crab first past the winning post receives a model crab in bronze and a cheque for 100 dollars ! There are prizes of 50 and 25 dollars for the owners of crabs placed second and third respectively.

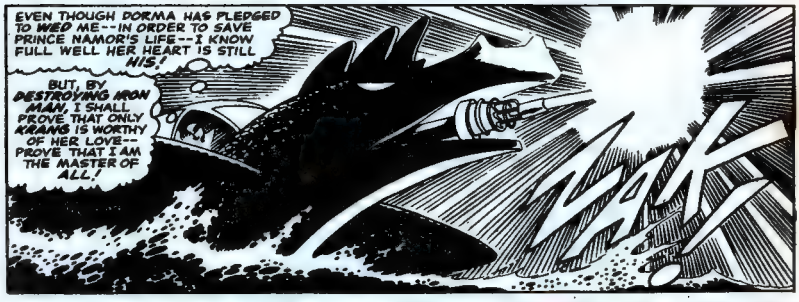
PRINCE NAMOR THE SUB-MARINER

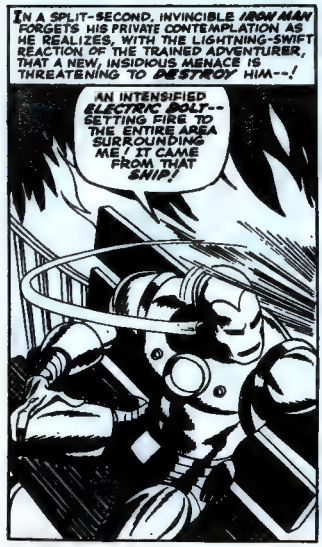
ENTER THE GOLDEN AVENGER!



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1966

FIRST WE JOIN THE FUGITIVE KRANG AND THE UNFORTUNATE DORMA AS THEY APPROACH LAND... TO FIND THEMSELVES OBSERVING THE UNSUSPECTING FIGURE OF ONE OF THE SURFACE WORLDS MORE PROMINENT CITIZENS... THE IRON MAN!
SILENCE, WOMAN! YOU THINK I FEAR A MERE AIR-BREATHER? NO MATTER WHAT TYPE OF ARMOUR HE DONS--HIS POWER IS NOTHING NEXT TO MINE!
IT IS IRON MAN YOU DARE NOT SURFACE HERE!
THE LEGENDS OF HIS MIGHT HAVE REACHED THE FATHOMLESS DEPTHS OF ATLANTIS ITSELF!


EVEN THOUGH DORMA HAS PLEDGED TO WED ME--IN ORDER TO SAVE PRINCE NAMOR'S LIFE--I KNOW FULL WELL HER HEART IS STILL HIS!
BUT, BY DESTROYING IRON MAN, I SHALL PROVE THAT ONLY KRANG IS WORTHY OF HER LOVE--PROVE THAT I AM THE MASTER OF ALL!
ZAK!


IN A SPLIT-SECOND, INVINCIBLE IRON MAN FORGETS HIS PRIVATE CONTEMPLATION AS HE REALIZES, WITH THE LIGHTNING-SWIFT REACTION OF THE TRAINED ADVENTURER, THAT A NEW, INSIDIOUS MENACE IS THREATENING TO DESTROY HIM--!
AN INTENSIFIED ELECTRIC BOLT--SETTING FIRE TO THE ENTIRE AREA SURROUNDING ME! IT CAME FROM THAT SHIP!

I MAY NOT BE AT THE PEAK OF MY POWER--BUT NO MATTER WHAT CONDITION I'M IN, NOBODY ATTACKS IRON MAN WITH IMPUNITY!

BEFORE I CAN FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THE ATTACK, I'VE GOT TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE!
AND A CONCENTRATED BARRAGE OF REPULSER RAY BOLTS WILL SNUFF OUT THE FLAMES INSTANTANEOUSLY!
LOOKS LIKE I WENT TOO HEAVY ON THE PRESSURE-- I CAUSED A SMOKING TRENCH WHERE THE BOLT FIRST HIT!
IT WAS CARELESS OF ME! I WASTED MORE TRANSISTOR ENERGY THAN WAS NECESSARY!

THE INSOLENT SURFACE SWINE!! HE DARES MATCH HIS POWER AGAINST KRANG'S!
I MUST HUMBLE HIM NOW! I MUST PROVE TO DORMA THAT NONE CAN RESIST MY WILL! I MUST NOT LOSE FACE BEFORE HER!
I'VE WEAPONS ENOUGH TO ANNIHILATE A THOUSAND SUCH AS HE!

NO! YOU MUST NOT! IT WAS NOT PART OF OUR PACT!
MUCH AS THE THOUGHT REPELS ME, I AGREED TO BE WEDDED TO YOU--
BUT NEVER SHALL THE LADY DORMA BE ACCESSORY TO-- MURDER!

WHILE, JUST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, ON THE SHORE--
THE SHIP HAS STOPPED! ANOTHER FEW FEET WILL PUT IT WITHIN RANGE OF MY POWER JETS--!

BUT, BEFORE ANOTHER STEP CAN BE TAKEN...
NO, KRANG --NO! YOU MUSTN'T!
STAND BACK, WOMAN! I AM ANSWERABLE TO NONE!
WHAT WARLORD KRANG WOULD DO--HE DOES!
KRAK!
FTTSSST!
-UNHHHH--!-
NO ARMOUR KNOWN TO MAN CAN WITHSTAND THE FURY OF A TWIN-BOLT ALPHA BEAM BLAST!

AS YOU CAN WELL IMAGINE, EVEN LATE AT NIGHT--A BATTLE INVOLVING REPULSER RAYS, ALPHA BEAM BLASTS, A MAN IN IRON ARMOUR, AND A SHIP FROM THE DEPTHS OF ATLANTIS, CAN HARDLY BE FOUGHT WITHOUT A CROWD SOON GATHERING! AND, THIS NIGHT IS NO EXCEPTION--!
LOOK! IT'S IRON MAN!
HE'S BEEN INJURED! WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT TO HIM?
I ALREADY SENT FOR REINFORCEMENTS! WHOEVER DID THAT TO AN IRON-CLAD AVENGER IS PROBABLY MORE THAN HE CAN HANDLE!
THERE WAS A NUTTY-LOOKING BOAT--I SAW IT--!
THE BLAST--IT KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME--!
BUT MY ARMOUR STOOD THE TEST AGAIN!
THIS WILL PROVE, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT IT ISN'T THE THICKNESS OF ARMOUR—BUT THE SKILL WITH WHICH IT'S TEMPERED--THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE!
BUT THE CROWD IS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE WATER'S EDGE! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW--!
STAND BACK--ALL OF YOU!! HE MAY ATTACK AGAIN AT ANY SECOND! LET ME HANDLE THIS--ONLY MY ARMOUR CAN WITHSTAND HIM!
NOW THAT I'VE PROVEN I CAN TAKE THE WORST MY UNSEEN ENEMY HAS TO DISH OUT, IT'S MY TURN TO STRIKE--!
BUT SUDDENLY, EVEN AS THE GRIM GOLDEN AVENGER DRAMATICALLY RISES TO HIS FEET--
WHIRRROOR
LOOK! THE SHIP IS SPINNING AROUND--IT'S RACING IN CIRCLES!
IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! IT MUST BE! IT'S THE ONLY ANSWER!
AND, INSIDE THE VIOLENTLY WHIRLING CRAFT--
I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! I WON'T! I WON'T!
STOP IT, YOU FOOL!! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?!!
YOU'LL DESTROY THE SHIP!

WHILE ON THE SHORE--NOT REALIZING THAT THE BEAUTIFUL EX-BELOVED OF THE SUB-MARINER IS RISKING HER OWN LIFE WITHIN THE STRANGE CRAFT--IRON MAN PREPARES TO MOVE--
NOW--WHILE HE'S CIRCLING--THIS IS MY CHANCE--!
I'LL ZOOM UP ABOVE THE SHIP--AND THEN PLUMMET DOWN!
THE FORCE OF MY DIVE WILL HELP TO REVITALIZE MY BUILT-IN GENERATORS!
I'VE GOT TO BE SURE TO TAKE PERFECT AIM!
I'LL GAMBLE EVERYTHING ON ONE, HIGH-POWERED REPULSER RAY BLAST!
NOW!
BULLS EYE!! IT'S A DIRECT HIT--FORCING THE ENTIRE SHIP BENEATH THE SURFACE!

HE'S RUNNING OFF--LEAVING THE SCENE OF BATTLE! HE KNOWS HE'S BEATEN!

I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT THE SHIP HAD SOME SORT OF CONNECTION WITH THE SUB-MARINER...
BUT I'VE NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW! I FINALLY KNOW WHAT I MUST DO--!
MY FACTORY IS ONLY MINUTES FROM HERE--I'VE GOT TO GET INTO IT--SOMEHOW--! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO REPAIR MY ARMOUR --TO REGAIN MY STRENGTH!

THERE IT IS--JUST BELOW! BUT--MY TRANSISTORS ARE FAILING!
THEY'VE BEEN TAXED TO THEIR LIMIT--!
I'M FALLING--OUT OF CONTROL--!

CRASH!
MUST CRASH THROUGH THE SKY-LIGHT--!
IF I MISS--I'M DONE FOR!
MADE IT!

MY LUCK HELD OUT! NO BONES BROKEN! ALL I NEED IS--WAIT!
THAT SOUND! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!

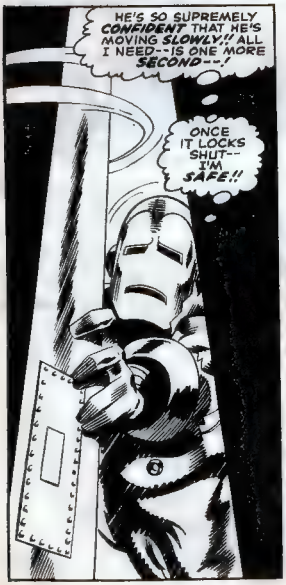
PRINCE NAMOR!!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, AVENGER!
THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN, FRANTIC ONES... QUICK, FLIP!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM --OR WHY-- BUT I CAN'T FIGHT HIM NOW! I'VE GOT TO STALL FOR TIME--!
NAMOR! OTHERS HAVE ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE A RAGING MADMAN-- A MURDEROUS MENACE!
BUT, I NEVER BELIEVED IT-- NOT UNTIL NOW!
ON YOUR FEET, ARMOURED ONE! THE TIME FOR TALK IS LONG SINCE PAST!
BUT WHY?? WHY THE SENSELESS ATTACK-- THE SAVAGE HATRED IN YOUR EYES??
ALL HUMANS ARE NAMOR'S FOES!
BUT YOU-- THE ONCE-MIGHTY IRON MAN --HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST OFFENDER BY FAR!
NO!
UNHHH--!
MY ONLY HOPE IS TO REACH MY OTHER IRON SUIT... BUT, I'LL NEVER MAKE IT PAST NAMOR!
I'VE GOT TO OUT-WIT HIM! I'LL MAKE HIM HELP ME WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT!

AND, AS THE MIGHTIEST AMPHIBIAN BEING EVER SPAWNED UPON EARTH HAMMERS UNRELENTINGLY AGAINST THE IRON-CLAD AVENGER—HIS THOUGHTS RACE WILDLY BACK—BACK TO THE STRANGE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS THAT HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE—
HE REMEMBERS HOW HE SURGED TOWARDS THE SURFACE LIKE A RAMPAGING KILLER SHARK—ON A MISSION OF GRIM REVENGE—REVENGE AGAINST EVIL WARLORD KRANG—AND AGAINST THE LOVELY LADY DORMA, NAMOR'S ONCE-BELOVED WHOM HE THINKS BETRAYED HIM, FOR LOVE OF KRANG!!
WHEREVER THEY MAY BE—ABOVE OR BELOW THE ENDLESS DEPTHS—NAMOR SHALL FIND THEM! TO THAT END, MY VERY LIFE I DEDICATE!
I'VE FOUND THEM!
AND THEN, BY A STARTLING STROKE OF FATE, THE AVENGING PRINCE CAME UPON KRANG'S COMMAND SHIP... JUST AS THE MERCILESS WARLORD WAS ATTACKING IRON MAN—

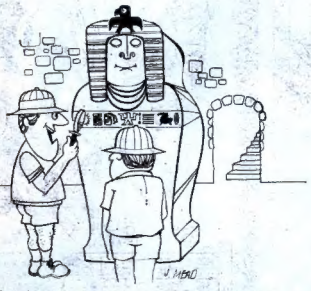
BUT, BEFORE NAMOR COULD MAKE HIS MOVE, THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN, AIDED BY HIS INCREDIBLE REPULSER RAY, FORCED THE ATLANTISAN COMBAT CRAFT DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE ONCE MORE--
AND THEN...
KRANG FLEES! IRON MAN HAS DRIVEN HIM OFF! AND, WITH HIM, THE DECEITFUL LADY DORMA!
PURSUIT IS USELESS! EVEN MY SENSES-STAGGERING SPEED, WHICH NO LIVING CREATURE CAN MATCH, COULD NOT HOPE TO EQUAL THE ROCKET POWER OF THE FASTEST SHIP OF ALL!
'TIS IRON MAN'S DOING!! IF NOT FOR HIM, VENGEANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE!
BUT, HE SHALL PAY--DEARLY SHALL HE PAY--FOR FRUSTRATING THE CAUSE OF NAMOR, PRINCE OF THE BLOOD OF ALL ATLANTIS!
THUS, THE BURNING RAGE WITHIN HIS BRAIN GOADING HIM INTO A FIT OF NEAR-MANIACAL FURY, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL LIVING BEINGS ON EARTH FOLLOWS THE UNSUSPECTING IRON MAN, AS THE GREAT GOLDEN AVENGER HEADS FOR HIS LAB, HOPING TO RECHARGE HIS DEPLETED TRANSISTORS WHILE THERE STILL IS TIME--!

WHICH BRINGS US WHAM-BANG UP TO DATE, AS IRON MAN MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO REACH HIS OTHER SUIT. . .
ONCE I GET THAT TEN-TON DOOR LOCKED BEHIND ME, EVEN NAMOR WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH ME IN TIME!
HE'S NEARLY ON TOP OF ME! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
DESPITE HIS ALMOST UNIMAGINABLE STRENGTH-- AND HIS OWN GREAT, NATURAL INTELLIGENCE--HE'S A STRANGER TO DECEIT-- OR TO TRICKERY!
NOW! I'VE GOT TO RUN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION --AWAY FROM THE IRON DOOR!
STOP! WHATEVER YOU DO TO ME--DON'T PUT ME IN THAT ARMOURED ROOM! ANYTHING BUT THAT!! ANYTHING!!
PUNY HUMAN!! COME BACK HERE!
THERE! I'VE DONE IT! NOW, IT'S ALL UP TO HIM!
NO! NO!
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN--!! BAM!
NOT IN THAT ROOM! NOT BEHIND THAT ARMOURED DOOR! NO!!
HE'S HURLING ME RIGHT TOWARDS IT--!
TO THINK I ONCE RESPECTED THE HUMAN RACE! I ONCE SPOKE THE NAME IRON MAN WITH ESTEEM!

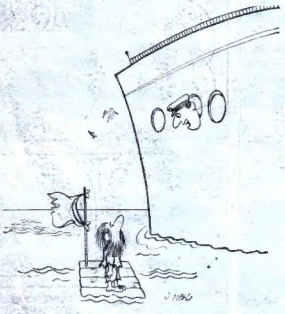


ABLE NOW TO CHANGE INTO HIS NEW SUIT THE IRON MAN WILL PROVE THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS POWERS... SEE THEM UNLEASHED AGAINST THE MADDENED PRINCE NEXT WEEK!

FRANTIC FUN



Roughly translated it means "*This way up!*"



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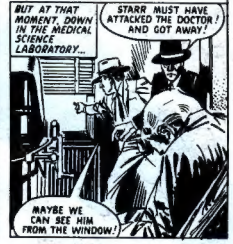
THE DRAMA OF DOOM

*TO LONDON COMES **THE ACTOR**, A SINISTER CRIMINAL WITH THE TERRIFYING POWER TO TURN LAW-ABIDING MEN INTO DESPERATE KILLERS. THEN, DURING THE STATE VISIT OF A REIGNING MONACH, THE ACTOR CHOOSES SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT **DON STARR** TO PLAY A PART IN HIS DRAMA OF DOOM...*



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SERGEANT FURY
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